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# The Onlooker

A Monthly Review of Current  
Events—Canadian and General

Vol. I—No. 2 TORONTO, JUNE, 1920

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Not Party  The People

## Contents

Professor Wrong's Letter to the *New York Times*.

The Labor Situation.

England's Remarkable Recovery.

Currency Depreciation.

Party Labels.

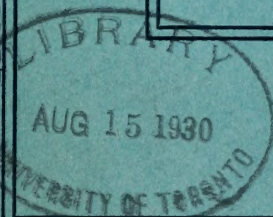
Prof. Squair's Sketch of John Seath,  
M.A.

A Plain Talk to Farmers.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden  
and the Immediate Future.

Revision of the Tariff.

The *Globe's* Attack on Union Govern-  
ment.



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JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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## PROFESSOR WRONG'S LETTER TO THE NEW YORK TIMES

**W**HATEVER Professor Wrong may choose to write on the status of Canada is entitled to profound respect. He is the possessor of a clear, logical mind, is a patient student of historic origins and tendencies, and not adverse, it would seem to taking upon himself the rôle of a prophet. His style is like unto a pane of clear glass. He is, of course, but one person, and entitled to hold and maintain exactly one opinion.

It is, indeed, a very perilous and risky thing to proclaim in advance the predestined channel of the continually augmenting tide of national hopes and fears. The American colonies were lost to the Crown as much through the fatuous sense of security of the loyalists, who refused to take seriously the increasing anger of the people against a mistaken imperial policy, as from any other cause whatsoever. Had they made their influence felt in the right quarters, as they might have done, the most deplorable and regrettable schism in all history would never have taken place, and the spiritual unity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples would have been intact at this hour. The cry, "No taxation without representation," was, of course, a mere piece of political *blague*. The mad-cap frolic known as "The Boston Tea-Party" had its origin in something deeper than anger at a tax on a novel luxury of the rich. *The Quebec Act*, which extended the boundaries of a Roman Catholic province from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouths of the Mississippi—thus, on paper, at least, confining the Puritanic, enterprising British colonists to the Atlantic seaboard for ever—was the true cause of the American revolution. The fact that the Puritan was at heart a Cromwellian republican, and classed kings, nobles and prelates as Stymphalian birds of the same feather, no doubt, provided a fruitful soil in which the weed of disloyalty could flourish. An empire was lost overnight, not because England was unjust; but because even so great a genius as Pitt was new to the game of colonization, and erred through sheer magnanimity. He thought he was binding a small conquered folk by bands of love to the great empire of which he dreamed, and in this he was right; but he did not foresee that men of his own blood and tradition would turn again and rend him. All of which goes to prove that prophecy is

a somewhat dangerous business. It is not in any man's power to say that the status of an empire is this and not that, or to quietly ignore, in a logical summing up, the deeper loyalties of the spirit.

We have remarked that Professor Wrong possesses a logical mind. He has been heard to remark that "If a thing is not logical it is not true"; and we have in this remark the strength and weakness of a whole school of literary pundits. Some of them would sooner sacrifice an empire than a prejudice or a syllogism. Logic is, no doubt, a fine enough thing. The French are a logical people; the British are not. They are practical—which is another matter entirely. Being practical they compromise, and go forward by rule of thumb, to the despair, and secret envy and admiration of all the logical peoples who make a mess of things. The British keep pace with life; they never try to force it. They recognize that logic is but the description in words of forms that life itself has already taken. They are, above all else, a vital people, who play the game and play it hard, leaving to historians to gather up with meticulous care and classify and arrange the records of past events.

England at this hour is a brilliant kaleidoscope, because she is intensely alive. If the world be conceived under the similitude of a body, then Britain is its mighty heart, sending forth streams of rich, red blood to the remotest extremities. *Her financial recovery, e.g., is the outstanding miracle of the war.* Easily, simply, without trepidation and without boasting, she emerges out of chaos the one, firm, steadfast power on earth. Of course, we can leave her and break the bridge of empire between the east and west, and go forth, "not knowing whither we are going"; but if we should do so what would we gain? The war cost us a bitter toll—was it England's fault? Not if the German ambassador to England is to be believed. Suppose we had held back and sulked, and England had been beaten? President Taft went on record, early in the war, to the effect that in that event Germany could demand and collect an enormous indemnity from Canada. She had us all parcelled out. What could we do but fight? The fact is that Canada and the United States fought because they had to fight, and for their own continued existence. If England had fallen we would have been dismembered. The bill we are paying is not the cost of empire; it is the cost of liberty; and the fundamental weakness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's position was in not seeing that the issue—the most stupendous in human history—transcended in its sweep and meaning all considerations of empire and national destiny, and involved the happiness and welfare of the entire human family. It was a straight duel between Liberty and Autocracy, and we, true to our breed, took the side of liberty. To say that, because of what we did, we have *earned* the right to this and that is stupid. Whenever we have asked for more rope England has always paid it out. She has

never been solicitous for her selfish interests. A freedom-loving nation herself, she has rejoiced in her offspring's love of freedom. She has aided us by wise counsel; has lent us billions of money; has defended us in our hour of peril. All that she has ever asked, and all that she has ever received, is the simple loyalty of the heart. It is, indeed, because all this is left out that Professor Wrong's letter leaves us cold. At the end one feels like exclaiming—What next?

Does Professor Wrong maintain that Canada exists at the present moment in complete autonomy? Surely not; for, in that case, we must be conceived of as living under false pretences. But if we are to have ambassadors to all lands and receive them, and play an absolutely free hand in foreign affairs, it is hard to see just where the British Empire, as an empire, comes in. Disguise it how you may, the moment the Empire ceases to move forward as *one*, the Empire is at an end. Are we prepared to take this step? You cannot, try you never so hard, have a British Empire *in nubibus*. It is either a living unit and reality at the present moment, or it is a sham. Either the heart and brain of the Empire is in London, and nowhere else, or there is no Empire, only a loose aggregate of kindred peoples scattered over the face of the earth. To say that the tie is so light that the United States could come in with no sacrifice of national status is simply to say that the British Empire is even as the United States. You may call that sort of thing a League or a Confederacy, but it is not an Empire. Canada cannot say, "I am and I am not."

Of course, the idea of the United States attaching itself to the British Crown is sufficiently absurd, and was not intended to be taken seriously. Or was it? The two theories of government are as far apart as the poles. The British Empire, as at present constituted, is the freest political organization on earth; that of the United States is the most rigid. Our present Empire is the freest because there is no British Constitution; only a great body of law tradition and precedent which marches with the changing conceptions of justice and equity. Even the French Republic, bound as it is by a fixed code, is, so to speak, loose at the top. The President of France has very little power; less even than the King of England. The President of the United States is all-powerful. He is the last autocrat left among the western peoples. It is the irony of history that the country which fought so bitterly against what it considered tyranny should be left so far behind in the race for political freedom. George III. embodied a mild paternalism compared with the Caesarism south of the line. Judged by British standards the United States is not, politically speaking, a free nation at all. This may sound startling, but it is true, and worth making clear. The government of the United States is an elaborate system of check and balance. It is an aristocratic republic, and is governed by aristocrats at this hour. It was intended to be an aristocratic

republic. Its founders knew what they wanted, and fixed it in the fundamental law.

The American constitution was finally ratified and became the organic law of the land in 1789, the year of the outbreak of the *Red Revolution* in France. The men who drew up this instrument were for the greater part the scions of English county families. They had no particular love for the mob, and had a healthy dread of popular passion. All that subsequently transpired in France but increased their distrust of the unbridled popular will. They set to work to devise a constitution that should, so to speak, be mob-proof, and they succeeded. That constitution, after the lapse of more than a century, still stands. Probably no local instrument is held in such veneration by all classes of the population from the highest to the lowest, save the *Declaration of Independence* itself. Yet it called into being a system of government under which Britishers would stifle. It promises the unfettered expression of the political will, and nullifies and defeats it at every turn. It took quite sixteen years to demonetize silver: in Canada it could have been accomplished in a week or earlier. After all the outworks have been carried, up to the President's capitulation, like a great bailey-tower, the Constitution may resist assault. Once a law is declared *ultra vires* of the Constitution, that ends the matter—a scrap of paper rules as never tyrant ruled on this earth. Here in Canada, and in the British Empire generally, we would not tolerate such a preposterous state of affairs for a single instant. We have the reality of political freedom; the Americans possess but the shadow. For years we have been sailing all the seas of political adventure and change; they, on the contrary, have never dared to navigate uncharted waters. We instinctively think internationally; they parochially—and dearly are they paying for it financially at this hour.

The founders of the Republic gave the popular chamber, the House of Representatives, the shortest life they dared, i.e., two years. They gave the Senate the longest life they could, i.e., six years, and they made the election indirect. (This has since been changed.) They took out of the hands of the popular representatives control over foreign affairs, and placed it partly with the Senate, partly with the President and his cabinet. Foreign affairs in the United States is a game of blind man's buff. The President may initiate a treaty through his Secretary of State; the other high contracting party or parties may sign and seal, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations may quietly strangle it to death. This has become such a common occurrence that we cease to marvel at it. It is, of course, a travesty of government. But to proceed. After a law has been passed by the House, concurred in by the Senate, and signed by the President, there remains the Supreme Court—inalienable, Olympian, final—which may, all in a day's work, declare it unconstitutional. Talk about mighty spirits ruling us

from their urns! Here is a nation of one hundred and ten millions ruled by the ideas and ideals of men long dead. It is stupefying! No wonder intelligent foreigners are perplexed! To the common people of Europe at this hour the United States is the darkest mystery of time. When President Wilson came to Paris with his iridescent dreams, and started to blow his frothy rhetorical bubbles, they wept tears of gladness. And now?

Of course, as a matter of law and custom, the Senate is right in refusing to ratify "The League of Nations." It has the final say, and it has refused to be coerced. Nor will an election make the slightest difference so long as the Lodge *bloc* can command a majority. If, however, a pro-Wilson House and Senate should be returned all will be different. But what an extraordinary situation it is! Perhaps we had better stick to the British Empire after all. Our clothes may not be so smartly tailored, but they are free and comfortable, and the material is sound wool blended from all parts of the globe. The United States is not free enough for Canadians.

To sum up: the British Constitution is simply the life-plasm of a growing race. It has no fixed and definite boundaries. It enlarges with every newly-enacted law. It is in process of growth. Our courts exist not to decide if a law is constitutional or not, but to interpret the will of parliament—the supreme law-making body. With us, the House of Commons makes the law; the courts simply exist to apply the law to particular cases as they may arise. In the United States, on the contrary, the constitution is practically unchangeable; and the Supreme Court is superior to the law-making bodies and to the supreme ruler. One is an India-rubber band; the other a ring of chilled steel which can only be enlarged by adding fresh material and rewelding in the fires of an election.

The main contentions in Professor Wrong's letter will not hold water, i.e., they do not run with facts as they exist. One would imagine that Canadians were panting to be recognized as a separate nation. Is this true? It most decidedly is not. To write, "The United States secured its position as a nation only after a bitter civil war; Canada is on the eve of securing hers without strife or break of historical traditions, with the friendly support, indeed, of Great Britain," can mean only one thing—that Canada is on the eve of complete separation from the British Empire. This is absolutely false. If the question, "Shall Canada remain an integral part of the British Empire or assume the status of a separate nation?" were put up to the electors the answer would surprise Professor Wrong, Mr. Ewart, and the few vague theorists who mistake their own superficial logic for the deliverance of wisdom. The answer from Quebec would jar them.

When Canada was taken into partnership with Great Britain

in the League of Nations, with other colonies, we were all gratified; but if Sir Robert Borden went so far as to deliver the ultimatum Professor Wrong credits him with, he went beyond his authority, for, in fact, no such authority was given him. Canada sits in the League not as a separate nation, but as a member of the undivided and indivisible British Empire. Whatever her representatives may have to say will be listened to with courtesy and respect, and, if wisdom, will pass for wisdom; but to say that, "in a matter directly affecting any British state no other British state should vote" is the quintessence of absurdity. Naturally, and, of course, in the case of a dispute between the United States and England, Canada, as an integral part of the Empire, will back up her partner. As a matter of fact, it is because the British Empire is so vast, and we may add, so free and so just, that the other nations recognize her right to a large measure of representation. At one stroke Professor Wrong takes away from Canada the very privilege he is contending for. Canada by this reasoning may not vote where her true interests lie, but she may presumably vote on matters which may only remotely concern her. Australia, our Antipodean brother, may have a dispute with Japan; but since Australia has the pure misfortune to be a loyal member of the British Empire, "no other British state should vote." To crown the absurdity of this utterance we have this gem of unconscious humor: "This point Canada is willing to make as specific as possible." Are we to gather from this that Professor Wrong is the final and irrevocable voice of Canada? Who gave him authority to use the sacred name of Canada in this way? "Canada is willing," indeed! Just put your theory to the touch, Professor Wrong, and you will speedily discover that Canada, which is British to the core, knows where her true interests lie, and is not yet ready to surrender her glorious part in a great and beneficent Empire for a mess of verbiage.

Take again this sentence: "One defect, indeed, long remained in respect to national life. Canada had no ambassadors at foreign capitals, and there her business was conducted by the diplomats of Great Britain, acting, of course, in concert with Canada. A new step is now imminent." The new step (where did Professor Wrong get this information—withheld, up to date, from the Canadian people?) is, in brief, a complete *corps diplomatique*. What a truly heavenly vista is here opened up for decayed politicians? Have we not corruption enough in the form of Royal Commissions? What would these gentlemen do scattered all over the world and drawing fat salaries? The life-history of each one could be written in the phrase, "The diary of a superfluous man." We will take but one example and then dismiss the nonsense. Canada, we will say, has a full-fledged ambassador to Japan, who is clothed with plenary powers. No one else in Nippon can represent the new national; not even Great Britain. Japan makes a sudden and imperative demand

that all restrictions on immigration be removed, and that her citizens be treated on an equality with all other nationals. She accompanies the demand with a threat of war, and sends her magnificent fleet to our Western coasts. How now? The Hon. Mr. Calder, we are rejoiced to observe, is exercising a most wise discrimination in the matter of immigrants entering Canada. Suppose, and it is possible, this policy (and long may it continue!) should lead to the arbitrament of war? "Oh, in that case, of course, we would have to fall back upon Great Britain!" Exactly! "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," our miserable bluff would be called. At the back of Professor Wrong's brain, at the back of the brains of all the shallow separationists, is the comfortable conviction that at any cost of blood or treasure Great Britain would unsheath her mighty sword, shrill over the deep to her invincible sea-dogs, and hold over us the shield of her might. Again we ask: What do we give her? What can we give her? Nothing but the undying loyalty of the heart. We shall not fail in this. Into the dark vista of the future (and heaven knows it is dark enough!) we shall all march—one mighty, indissoluble Empire.

If there is to be a *corps diplomatique* there will, of course, have to be a court-tailor. We would suggest garters and yellow stockings!

In explaining to the American people why they object to Canada having a separate vote in the *League of Nations* (an audacious thing to do), Professor Wrong hits on two reasons. We give the first. "The real causes, as Canada sees them, are twofold. One is the difficulty of understanding that states really independent can have a common sovereign." This is false in logic and false in fact. If there is one thing Americans do most thoroughly understand it is precisely that states can look up to and obey a common sovereign. The senators, e.g., are the accredited representatives of *sovereign* states. The word sovereign in this connection means simply supreme, paramount. It is in constant use in the United States. Calhoun, who was in at the very birth of the Republic, may be taken as a final authority. In his works, vol i., page 130, he writes, "It was the several states, or, which is the same thing, their people, in their *sovereign* (sic!) capacity, who ordained and established the constitution." What the United States is on a small scale—a confederacy of separate states with separate laws, separate histories, and, now, almost separate ethnic differences—the British Empire is on a huge scale. The different states of the Union have *reserved* rights of which they are inordinately jealous: just as we have reserved rights, yet look to Westminster for inspiration and guidance as the common centre of the race. It is seldom that a logician cites an example which negatives his entire thesis. It was, indeed, to maintain this sovereignty, "to preserve the Union," as the phrase was, that the Civil War was fought. The South is still the home of particularism; and

both New Jersey, Connecticut and New York at this hour are at daggers drawn with the Federal Executive over the liquor question. In federal affairs they acknowledge a common sovereign; in purely state affairs (and they claim matters of food and drink are purely local) they claim an absolute independence. It is a sort of rigid British Empire, in short. The U.S. has a "scrap of paper" as sovereign. We have a living person who, in Bagehot's phrase, "rules but doesn't govern"; who is powerless to work us harm, and who represents the glory and continuity of the race since its emergence into history. A careful study of Chief Justice Marshall's reply to Patrick Henry would set Professor Wrong right. The United States is a legal autocracy masquerading under the name of a Republic. May we also recommend Mr. Owen Wister's latest publication entitled, "A Straight Deal; or An Ancient Grudge."

But the second cause of American misunderstanding is still more curious. It is the Irish vote! This will be news to intelligent Americans! If Professor Wrong will read the speeches delivered in the Senate he will discover that the Irish vote played no part whatever in the debate. After all, we must give the members of the United States Senate credit for *some* common-sense. The Irish vote does play a very large part in American political life, and a good many dirty things have been done to cajole and hoodwink it, and may still be done. We have had a recent vile example of the depths of turpitude to which desperate political gamblers can sink. But, in the debate in question, the Irish were not considered at all. The discussion, which was carried on without rancour, took rather high ground, and, as a purely legal and forensic performance, was, on the whole, an admirable example of the Senate at its best. The address of Senator Knox was particularly fine. What the Senators did not understand (Mr. Rowell and Professor Wrong had not yet lifted up their voices) was the exact status of Canada and the other colonies in the matter. Diplomatically considered, the British Empire in their eyes was one and indivisible—as their own Union, for example. That, of course, is the fact. Yet at the League of Nations it suddenly becomes seven separate and distinct nationals. What really filled them with wrath was that their own President had led them into this *impasse*. One can quite understand their exasperation.

What, of course, ought to have been done—and, if Sir Robert Borden had been clever and not impulsive in the matter, would have been consummated—was to have formed a standing committee of the Empire, which should have had as its function the calm discussion in advance of all matters coming under the purview of the League of Nations. The general course to be pursued having been decided upon, the actual formal voting would then be left to the British representatives and to them alone. Such a committee would attend the conferences in an advisory capacity, and the final vote

would express the sense of the whole Empire. As it is, all is confusion worse confounded. Canada from one slant is a separate nation; from another an inseparable part of a mighty empire. The position is a very serious one for America. She feels isolated. It doesn't look like a square deal. One thing is certain if, on account of the over-representation of the British Empire, the United States persists in refusing to join the League of Nations, it may as well dissolve. Canada is in no position to assume international obligations on her own account; and that she should have power without responsibility is, in these matters, a simple impossibility. There will be a real crisis if the United States should suddenly serve notice on Great Britain that, for the future, she intends to treat with Canada direct, without the slightest consideration for the status of England; i.e., treat the British Empire as officially at an end; for that is what it would amount to. But, if the United States should do so, we would quickly enough reveal to her that a few desperate politicians, hungering for the flesh-pots and ready to take up any catch-cry, and a single doctrinaire, do not represent the soul of a great people on whose hearts is written in letters of flame the single word, "Loyalty!"

The Irish vote! What have we to do with that? Here in Canada our Irish friends and neighbors have lived in peace and amity with all others since the foundation of the country. We have no Irish problem, and shall have none. What the vile politicians who cadge the Irish vote in the United States may think or not think about our glorious Empire is a matter of proud indifference to us. "They say! What say they? Let them say!" The spectacle of a cultured Canadian throwing sops to these scoundrels is not edifying. What *they* want is a dismembered British Empire. When they speak of Britain it is in the language of men insane with hate. They are plotting against her day and night, and if the truth were known have their thugs and assassins, bought and paid for, in Ireland at this hour. Those covered by that phrase, "The Irish vote," represent a very small minority of the Irish people in America. There are millions of Irish in the United States who mind their own business; fear God; pay their honest debts, and continue in a new land the beautiful traditions of hospitality, kindness, cheerfulness, delicate courtesy and exquisite reticence which give to that branch of the Celtic peoples an undying charm. This miserable and degraded remnant of a noble people murdered our sons at Ridgeway in the Fenian Raid. We, and all decent Americans, know the breed, and as for considering them we would as soon think of giving consideration to a cobra.

In a letter written by Mr. Edward Meek, K.C., to *The New York Times* in answer to Professor Wrong's deliverance, and which was refused publication, the following paragraph appears:—

"The supreme effort of every patriotic Briton, and of every

patriotic Canadian—yes, and of every American—should be, to consolidate and cement the British Empire rather than to *dissolve it into a number* of independent political entities. American statesmen see this aspect of the case—much more clearly and intensely than some of our bewildered Canadian politicians and writers, whose rawness and inexperience in the fundamental elements of political philosophy they, as well as we, not only deplore, but condemn.”

These words are profoundly true. The great bulk of decent Americans have no desire to see the British Empire disrupted. They realize that the safety of the world depends on the integrity and unity of the British stock. What took place in the first two awful years of the war brought home to them, not only the continued dauntless valor of the race from which they themselves have sprung, but the further fact that, without Britain and the British navy, all their cherished ideals would have been swept into the dust. Had Britain fallen, America would have followed; and, as the sequel of inadequate and blundering improvisation, even after she had entered into the strife, proved, she also would have been forced to pay tribute to a ruthless conqueror. The keenest minds in America at this moment realize that Great Britain as a world-empire is a grim necessity. Mr. Sisson, the vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, dropped a pathetic remark while on a visit to Toronto. “I have come,” he said, “to the last refuge of true democracy on the North American continent.”

### THE LABOR SITUATION

THIS is not a time to promulgate novel changes, but to sit tight. Government, after all, is nine-tenths administration and one-tenth discussion. There is the ideal and there is the possible. We would all like to gain our end *per saltum*, but it is simple wisdom to remember the Emersonian axiom that “There is no escape in all the world save by performance.” Of infinitely more importance than seeking cheap short-cuts out of our difficulties by hazardous experiments in legislation is the simple recognition of the fact that, if we do not produce to the limit we are all headed for bankruptcy and starvation. High wages have not increased production. The quality also has fallen off. This is the almost universal testimony of business men. It is not possible in our highly complex civilization for any one group to enjoy prosperity at the expense of all the other groups. Prosperity must be general, or it is a sham. The working man, e.g., can only enrich himself by enriching everybody else. When he strikes, and, in striking, retards production, the available capital of society is reduced by the exact sum which the lost production represents. There is less money in the world than there would have been had he not struck.

His wages may be apparently increased, but in the end, he loses and must lose. The increase is entirely fictitious, and in the end it represents a loss.

Reduce the capital of the world by any means whatever, and, since labor depends on capital, there will be fewer hands employed, because there will be less capital to employ them. What is wanted is a clear comprehension of the fact that our dollar, measured in the terms of the things we desire and need, is at present, only worth fifty cents. If, through continued labor disturbances, malingering and strikes, output be still further reduced, it will sink steadily in purchasing power. It is an inexorable and terrible law, well summed up in the words of the Apostle, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat."

During the late war the whole country was placarded with appeals to practise thrift. Thrift is an excellent thing when not carried too far. Carried too far—and it easily may be—it degenerates into the detestable, unsocial vice of avarice. We all desire to be nobly generous, according to our means. What is needed is discrimination in our purchases. To practise economy in food and necessary warm clothes is madness. Thrift carried too far will halt industry and produce suffering. Men must "live and let live." What we want is our daily bread, and a little margin for contingencies. We may have both, provided we all bend our backs and increase the supply of things we desire and need. If, however, we keep on bidding against each other for an ever-lesening supply of commodities, then the law of competition comes into play, and the man who is prepared to go highest gets whatever is being offered for sale. The price the highest bidders are prepared to pay fixes the market price for all. The rest must either pay that price or go without. As commodities grow less and less the price mounts ever higher and higher, until, at length, the value of the dollar or the pound sterling or mark sinks so low in purchasing power that panic ensues and barter takes the place of normal exchange. Only substantial things now will buy substantial things. Paper is refused, and gold and silver disappear. At one bound, we are back to the days when the savage exchanged a slain animal for a supply of flints. This is precisely what has occurred in Russia. The Mujik refuses all paper; but is perfectly willing to exchange wheat for shoes or cloth. In no other way can trade with Russia and Germany be done at the present time. Exchange, as we say, has "broken down."

If the Government had placarded the country with exhortations to produce ever more and more, and had left thrift to take care of itself, as it would, we should have been in better case. Let the Government address its counsels of thrift to the men who are striking for one dollar an hour, and accompany it with the information that if they do not speed up production the world, including

themselves, will starve. The farmers should have been urged to go into sheep and more sheep. A glorious opportunity was lost, and is being lost. For the working man, and, alas! the farmer, have got it into their heads *that lessened production means continued high wages and prices*. But limitation of output, viewed from any angle, is an unmitigated curse. The more there is produced the more there is to share. The lamentable fallacy, that limitation of output brings prosperity, is the pet obsession of British trades-unionism, and is spreading like a virus into the healthy blood of Canadian and American working-men. It can only end in disaster.

### ENGLAND'S REMARKABLE RECOVERY

THOSE who point to England's remarkable position at the present moment as a justification of the closed shop and limited output are talking vain nonsense. Had it not been for the extraordinary far-sightedness and courage of British business men, aided by the British Government, Britain at this hour would be a hopeless bankrupt and her population on the point of starvation. No thanks are due to British trades-unionism that the grand old land of heroes is emerging into clear air. Quite the contrary. The members of the trades-unions at this hour are doing their best to strangle her. The only dark cloud on the horizon is labor. Ever since the war ended—yes, and during the war—in its darkest nadir—there has been nothing but labor troubles, violence, threats of revolution, and all the rest of it, in Great Britain. The pernicious doctrine of limitation of output, limitation of the number of apprentices allowed to be employed in any given trade, limitation of hours of labor, has been carried to a mad extreme. But the other day, at Bristol, Earl Haig delivered a scathing stricture on the mean policy of discrimination being practised by the unions against returned soldiers—the very men who saved Britain from disaster and extinction! These misguided, selfish and narrow-minded doctrinaires have at times shaken the world's faith in the stability and integrity of the British people. The terrific advance of the price of coal, due to the selfishness of the Welsh miners, has retarded the recovery of Britain, and, if persisted in, will, when real competition again starts, throw her behind in the race. At present she can stand the awful pace and make money because—and this is the point of the argument—she has a *monopoly of raw materials*. She owes this to the foresight, the courage, the audacity even, of her superb and unrivalled bankers, merchants, manufacturers and great shipping magnates, aided by the Department of Reconstruction. The working-men had nothing whatever to do with it. So far as they could, the trades-unions retarded her at every step, and *are retarding her*. Two years before the signing of the Armistice the Committee on Reconstruc-

tion started in and scoured the entire earth for wool, flax, jute, leather (including kid), metals of all kinds, and, through the Dutch Shell Oil Co., oil. Practically nothing was left neglected; and the curious phenomenon is being presented of raw sugar going to New York, being refined there (in bond) and transhipped to England; and of raw cotton from England being sold in New York. At present, England, so far as commodities are concerned, is virtually the master of the world. It is amazing! But labor had nothing to do with this. It is all owing to the fact that the British business men think far in advance, and think internationally. And yet they say, "England is so slow!"

Britain, wise with the wisdom of time, knows that a plethora of gold is a curse, and that the nation that has commodities can command the gold of the world. All the gold that Britain is exporting will eventually go back to London, and is going back in roundabout hidden ways, to the alarm of financial experts in the United States. The world must have what she has got, and must pay for it.

### CURRENCY DEPRECIATION

WHAT is needed is to put value behind the dollar. At present fifty cents is masquerading as a dollar, and we are all being fooled—the working-man and the farmer most of all. To hang back and sulk will not help. Thrift will help; cutting out luxuries will help; but hard work will help most of all. If the farmers and working-men would put their backs into their work as never before (and they ought, not only on patriotic but on humanitarian grounds) the value of their dollars would immediately rise, and, having regard to the world shortage in everything, in a *much greater ratio than wages and prices would fall*. Their wages and cash returns would not be as great as they are now, but they would purchase more of the things they desire and need. When commodities increase, the dollar automatically rises in purchasing power. The boot, in fact, is on the other foot when this takes place. The holders now bid for the purchaser's custom.

Abnormally high wages and an actual shortage of commodities means that those on fixed salaries or with fixed incomes virtually starve. A new proletariat is created—the so-called poor-rich; and, we may add, the cultured-poor. And, at best, those who receive the high wages but break even, for as wages rise prices rise. The farmer, because of his light taxes and frugal way of living, comes out at the big end of the horn. But he is mistaken if he think that to loaf and let his fields lie fallow will in the end help him; and that by doing so he will maintain high prices in produce. Nothing deteriorates so rapidly as an untilled farm. A farm is capital, and to neglect it is fatal. Capital is *not* capital unless it works. The farmer is driven by the very nature of things to get out of the

land all the land will yield. He would be a fool not to do so. More than once potatoes have been shipped from Ireland and Denmark to New York, attracted by fancy prices. Let him go out of wheat in Ontario and the wheat of the North-West will come to Ontario, and be sold just as cheaply, because the price of wheat is fixed in Mark Lane. No one in Ontario will be any the worse off; but he will lose his profit on the wheat. Let him go exclusively into cattle or hogs, and the Argentine, with its vast *estancias*, will quickly enough show him that it can beat him at the game of export. Those farmers who talk of slackening production with the idea that by doing so they will boost prices, talk like madmen. *No class that is up against the competition of the entire world can afford to slacken its efforts.* Surely a farm is precisely like any other business. A neglected business, or a business run at half capacity, speedily lands its owner in bankruptcy. And precisely in the same way, and for the same reason, a farm that is only half-cultivated rapidly loses in value.

The truth is that what is needed is a revival of the sense of moral obligation among all classes. There is a divine curse on selfishness. The man who does not profoundly feel a sense of obligation to the whole human family at this dread pass of affairs has the heart of a devil. Here is a chance for our universities and our churches to demonstrate their usefulness. The cardinal sin to-day is a most disgusting class-selfishness. If persisted in it will destroy trades-unionism throughout the world, and may destroy all ordered government. Shorter hours have not led to increased output *per unit-hour*. Less is being produced per hour of labor with shorter hours, and, in some cases, threefold the wages, than under the old dispensation; and the working-man's sense of obligation towards society has practically vanished. There must be a revival of the great truth that the whole race is in each one of us, and that the central loyalty must be, not the prosperity and power of a group, but the well-being of the human family. We are all in it together. Let us act together for the good of all, which is the good of each.

### PARTY LABELS

THOSE politicians who, at the present time, are beating their brains for a slogan as a party-label are surely ill-advised. Political prejudice, to be sure, dies hard; and something must be allowed for that curious natural conservatism which keeps men tight-locked in certain groups. There are men in Canada to-day whose liberalism goes back to the days of MacKenzie and Brown, and through them to Cobden and Bright; and doubtless among the old conservatives there are those who derive their principles from an even earlier day. Why these differences should persist to the third and

fourth generation is a psychological puzzle that has never been solved. Turgot's explanation was the love of routine.

The truth is that the Conservative and the Liberal are pure products of nature. Speaking in terms of physics, they represent the static and the kinetic; in terms of philosophy, the idealist and the realist; in terms of religion, the prophetic and the priestly; in terms of society, the aristocrat and the democrat; in terms of politics, the defenders of the proved and tried and the advocates of perpetual progress and change. When Tennyson wrote, "Where Liberty goes broadening down from precedent to precedent," he exactly expressed the spirit of conservatism. But when he wrote, in another place, "To change and change is life, to change and never rest," he expressed the very soul of liberalism, or whatever you like to call it. It was his privilege, as a detached spirit and a poet, to contradict himself. In his personal outlook, he was a radical in religion and a good deal of a conservative in politics. He detested "the Manchester School," and loathed, as did Carlyle, the utilitarian school of political philosophy.

No man ever spoke so boldly for freedom and human rights as Emerson, yet he was, as we know, austere, aristocratic, aloof. When he descended into the dust of the arena it was as a god from Olympus. The poet who could write:—

" 'Twas here the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

could also pen this caustic characterization of the democratic and radical party in his *Politics*: "The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness." What, if he were living, would he say of American radicalism to-day?

The simple fact is that Canada at this hour is due for a great re-alignment. It is not a change which will result in our severance from Great Britain. That lies beyond the control of ephemeral politicians and closet doctrinaires. When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he gloried in the fact that he could call himself a Canadian; and we Canadians equally glory in the fact that we can call ourselves British subjects, and are, in fact, British subjects, as much so as though we were born within the sound of "Bow Bells." It is a local phenomenon which is presented—the substitution of the group for the undivided state. The truth is that the country is split at this moment into those who would erect local and selfish interests into accepted national policies and those who are for a government of general expression. We will pass them in review.

Take labor! Has it any consistent national policy, or even provincial policy? Has it a single outstanding personality who gives it clear voice and utterance? As a matter of fact, it seeks

to be an "*Imperium in Imperio*." Its wilder radical elements would destroy the last semblance of ordered government and inaugurate the Soviet. They tried it at Winnipeg, and got their answer. The only danger from organized labor, or any phalanx-group, politically speaking, is that it is a compact army held together by rigid, iron regulations, and that, taking advantage of party splits, it may obtain a parliamentary representation out of all proportion to its voting strength, as in the case of the U.F.O. in Ontario. But it is certain that of the 248,000 members of the unions, the majority are decent, tolerant men who desire the genuine good of their country, and who would vote in a crisis involving all that is precious in human life for a firm and settled government.

The real danger is that the radical labor leaders, who seem to be in control at present, are preaching a doctrine of contempt for all government, and are concentrating their energies on but one object—the complete extirpation of capital. They propose to gain this end, since they know that the political field is hopeless, by a campaign of strikes, i.e., by anarchy. They will only succeed in the end in turning the public against them. It may come the turn of capital to strike, and capital, *being the accumulated savings of the whole people*, will triumph. Any talk of their gaining their ends by armed force in this free land is simple nonsense. The real danger is that desperate politicians, intent only on office, may flirt with labor and make promises that they cannot fulfil. Such an alliance as that which exists between the U.F.O. and the Laborites in Ontario is a freak-phenomenon, and cannot long endure. It was born in surprise and created in bewilderment. During the last few years labor has had no mercy on capital and no regard whatever for the rights of the public. Let it beware! The day may come when capital, backed up by the average consumer, may have no mercy on it; when "the open shop" will be the rule and not the exception; when men and women will decide that the word Freedom has a wide human meaning and that no one selfish social group has a right to practise the abominable doctrine "Ourselves alone." The labor leaders in that day may discover to their surprise that the intolerable restrictions on personal ambition and bold initiative which they have long imposed are no longer desired, and that their wild inflammatory harangues no longer evoke response from an enlightened constituency. Organized labor has its rights; *but there is a station where it gets on and a station where it gets off*, and it must be told so. If it is treated as a thing apart from law there is an end of all justice, and we shall have to bow the neck to a new tyrant and one more terrible, because always with us, than the Prussianism that has been overthrown. On this one point the government must stand like adamant; and if it does it will have the whole people behind it. Continued strikes will only ruin the country. And what then? The working-men are incapable of running

a single basic industry. They have not the necessary scientific training. The collapse would be complete. And what would be gained?

We come now to the agrarian movement. This is a new development in the political field. It may easily prove dangerous in the hands of designing, ill-trained and ambitious men. Roughly, the farmers form about one-half of the population. If they have heretofore been unjustly treated nobody seems to have suspected it. In Quebec, where they are not over-prosperous, they have not organized, nor are they likely to organize. The movement seems sporadic in the Maritime Provinces, and amounts to not a great deal in British Columbia. The North-West and Ontario seem to be the storm centres of the movement—Mr. Drury and Mr. Crerar the prophets of the New Dispensation. In Ontario it is hard to clearly grasp what the U.F.O. wants. It has no definite program; save it be non-partizanship, i.e., the abolition of party government altogether. It sprang up like Jonah's gourd in a night. But how can it be a non-partizan government if it insist on ruling the Province as a rural group with a provocative label? Do the farmers seriously contend that the country shall be ruled from the townships, and the cities and towns relegated to a second place? That henceforward the wants and wishes of the farmer shall be considered first, last and always? Is this non-partizanship? Is it either justice or patriotism? Is it not naked selfishness and utter conceit?

The group at Ottawa which now sits on the cross-benches under the leadership of Mr. Crerar has at last come forth with a program. It amounts to a demand that the things the farmer buys shall come in free, and everybody else be taxed. The rest of the tariff is left virtually untouched. It is not a very noble conclusion, and hardly worth bolting for. But it makes one thing clear: the utter humbug and insincerity of the whole movement. If this, and the mad extravagance of the Drury government (we observe that even the Minister of Education is now talking in millions), is all the farmers' movement means, then neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives in the Union government, nor the Laurier Liberals, need greatly fear it. Of a broad national policy there is not a trace. And what is more, it is extremely doubtful, save in a few radical and foreign constituencies in the North-West, whether either the U.F.O. or the Grain-Growers' Association or the other organizations have the farmers behind them. Certainly in Ontario the majority of the people, rural and urban alike, are opposed to the U.F.O., and as the insincere and unnatural combination at present in power marches forward on a wild career of extravagance the disgust deepens. The average farmer is no fool. He knows that the labor leader is utterly insincere in his show of interest in him, and only wishes to use him for selfish ends. He knows also that he is a capitalist with a big C, and that his true interest is to stand

on the inviolable right of private property. In his heart he knows that he has no quarrel with the townsman; and that 10% to 12½% on his implements is "no burden grievous to be borne."

It is sincerely to be hoped that neither the Union government, nor the old Liberal party, will start on a career of *bidding* for these groups. That way lies grave danger for the whole of Canada. Both Conservative and Liberal can respect each other, because what they represent is based in Nature. In the healthy check and balance of these two forces, which go back to the earliest life of the nation, and are inherent in the very life of the soul, lies all hope of a government that shall be strong but not stagnant, progressive but not rash. It is a moment calling for the loftiest character of statesmanship; and whether the Union government survive or not in its present shape, both the Hon. Mackenzie King or whoever may be his opponent should make it clear that no selfish group or combination of selfish groups will be allowed to seize the reins of power and impose their will on the whole of Canada. A clean fight for the victory of principles that each considers vital to the nation's true life may bring to the surface all the high and intense emotions which invariably arise in "the clash of mighty opposites"; but even to the defeated true consolation is not denied, since the end sought was the good of all. But a victory gained by appeals to group-selfishness can only bring political dishonor, and will in the end prove but an apple of Sodom. Better a thousand times "the cold shades of opposition" than a triumph gained by promises impossible of fulfilment or appeals to the selfishness that separates. If Canada is a nation, then let all good men get together and beat into the dust this hydra-headed monster of group-selfishness which at present threatens our peace and prosperity.

#### PROFESSOR SQUAIR'S SKETCH OF JOHN SEATH, M.A.

THERE is no one more highly esteemed in educational or, we may add, in social circles in Ontario, both as a man and a teacher, than John Squair, M.A., late professor of French in Toronto University. "*Clarum et venerabile nomen!*" May "The blind fury with the abhorred shears" long delay the day when only the sweetness of a noble memory shall be left to those who knew, esteemed and loved him "this side of Paradise"!

It has fallen to the lot of Professor Squair to prepare a memoir of the late John Seath, for many years the moving figure in the drama of education in Ontario, and right nobly has he acquitted himself of the task. The labor was not sought, but grew out of a suggestion, originating with mutual friends, that he was the one fit and proper person to rescue from oblivion one who, whatever his faults, had done a giant's work in his day, and who had left an indelible impress upon at least two generations of Canadians.

The educational system of Ontario as it stands is largely John Seath's work. Whether it be as perfect as officialdom think and politicians proclaim, or full of glaring defects—good or ill—it is largely the creation of one slow, steadfast, sincere mind. Seath "wrought with a sad sincerity." He ploughed through to what was to him a definite and desirable end.

Subject to criticism all his life, and occupying by no means a bed of roses, in these charming pages he becomes, if not human and lovable, at least understandable. We rise from a perusal with the conviction that John Seath was, in his way, a big man; and that we can well afford to forget and forgive any mistakes he may have made "for the very work's sake."

He has been happy in his biographer. Professor Squair has done more than write a biography of his friend; he has given us, in simple and beautiful language, a history of education in Ontario from the "back-woods" days of Egerton Ryerson to the year 1919. And all in the compass of 120 pages! The little book moves with the precision of a Greek drama. There is not a superfluous word, not a single sentence that could be dispensed with. The style is limpid and, at times, sparkling; the thoughts lie like colored pebbles in a clear brook. Of course, this is the art that is French. Only a long training in the use of that noble language could confer such mastery as is here revealed. At times the regret steals in that one, so obviously gifted with the power of succinct statement and capable of investing so dry a subject as education with charm, should not have dedicated himself to the fascinating field of historic research. The pioneer life of Ontario lies open!

"'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

We are inclined to venture the remark that this is a unique biography. The portrait of Seath is delicately but firmly etched; even his obsessions and foibles are not toned down; his self-confidence; his opinionativeness; his tendency to overbear and criticize harshly—are all brought out; and yet he is made quite subservient to the march of the drama of education, as are all the other characters. They are all here, and all duly appear and reappear and disappear at the waving of the magician's wand. Ryerson is drawn with a master hand, and has real justice done him. We realize that he was of the time, and that it was a crude pioneer epoch. We more than ever lament the heroic statue, and hope for a replacement. George Brown leaps to life—vindictive, vituperative, masterful, unscrupulous, but a born lover of political freedom; the sworn foe of clericalism in every form; a dynamo of personal conviction who could do nothing save at a white heat. James L. Hughes appears for a single flash and disappears into the shadows, bearing his sheaf with him. McCaul, Wilson, Goldwin Smith, G. P. Young, Loudon, Sangster, McMurchy, all duly appear, play their parts and pass into the silent shades.

The whole book suggests Browning's marvellously involved simile in "Sordello," beginning, "Pluck me a pompion vine from off the moat," since we get, in addition to these light sketches of bygone notables, references to the Crimean War, the "Trent affair," the death of the Prince Consort, the Fenian Raid, the agitation anent the French language, with its genesis and subsequent development to our own day, the Ross Bible and the Great War.

As if this were not sufficient of a feast, we have many sly thrusts at the "unco guid" among us. The regrettable tendency—which sets the province off by itself—to use trivial political differences as an excuse for setting the moral safety-valve aroaring comes under humorous review. There surely never was a more ridiculous agitation than that which took place over the Ross Bible. Because the simple and sweet Roman Catholic Archbishop Lynch dared to suggest that the word "which" in the Lord's prayer should be changed to "who," the whole province was thrown into an uproar, and the scarlet woman, much against her will, was forced to parade once more. Professor Squair ends his brief sketch of the agitation with these whimsical words: "And, in addition, the people of Ontario had another occasion for receiving that moral tonic so useful for the satisfaction of the deepest needs and holiest aspirations of many." It is the old men who are the Liberals to-day!

What could be neater than this? "Christmas and New Year reminders, sometimes of a nature more befitting two Scotsmen, had often passed between them in bygone days, but now the O.T.A. intervened, and the 'dry' open letter seemed not too inappropriate." So John Seath was human after all! God rest his soul! The closing paragraphs are dignified, admonitory, and full of a noble pathos. We close with this paragraph. "The complaints are numerous that the old subjects are neglected. Many say that young people write, read and spell badly. It is commonly asserted that the taste for reading serious literature is dying out. The bookshop window is filled rather with the cheap periodicals whose covers exhibit ladies *décolletées jusqu'à la ceinture* than with volumes of serious authors. A great falling off in journalistic style is apparent. The preacher and politician descend to such base tricks of rhetoric as our fathers would not have tolerated. Learning and the desire for it are disappearing."

The cure? The noble culture of which John Squair is a complete example!

### A PLAIN TALK TO FARMERS

THE people of Canada have always been proud of their farmers; have always wished them well, and wish them well now. They recognize that the farmer pursues one of the most ancient and honorable callings on earth, and that his endeavors extend in bene-

ficence to every human being. Should our scientific civilization topple into the dust, the farmer would remain master of his acres and of the human fate.

An Ontario farmer, owner of his broad acres and free of debt, is, as things go, a landed gentleman. At any rate, he is the only landed gentleman we have left in this part of Canada. It is his own fault if he do not rise to the full stature of a complete human being—healthy, broad-minded, and independent.

Hitherto he has boasted of his independence. His vote has never been a certainty in any election. He has always been a steady, a conservative force. Liberal or Conservative, by native bias or matured conviction, he has maintained certain reserves, and more than once has surprised political prophets by falsifying their predictions. Certainly his present attitude is one of surprise, and, in some of its phases, alarming.

It is hard to know just what the farmer wants that the rest of us do not want. In the matter of the tariff he gets off lightly, on the whole. The tariff touches us all, and, in a sense, protects us all against the all-powerful, highly-standardized organizations to the South. The only alternative to it is the income-tax and a tax on the land. Neither of these find favor in rural communities. The total contribution of the farmers to the government for four years was the meagre sum of \$389,000 for the whole Dominion. A direct tax on rural land values would inflame him. Surely he does not expect the townspeople to shoulder the entire expense of government and build his roads? What, then, does he want? A revision of the tariff? Very well, we will revise the tariff if he can show that he is being bled to enrich a single section of the community. Certainly the people in the towns have no desire to face a sullen, dissatisfied rural element merely to see a few agricultural implement manufacturers grow excessively rich at his expense. But are they so rich as he thinks? Eight per cent. is not a great return. There is nothing here that cannot be righted. But he cannot benefit under the tariff and not bear his fair share of the expense of government.

It would pay the farmer to study the tariff carefully. He would discover to his surprise that all he raises is heavily protected, and all, or nearly all, of his raw materials come in free of duty. He is, as compared with the average consumer in the city and town, the spoiled darling of the tariff. He gets off lighter than anyone else. Live stock of any description, poultry and bees, imported for improvement of stock, come in free; all other kinds pay a tax of from 15% to 25%. Fresh meats, tallow, bees-wax, lard, eggs, butter, cheese, grains of all kinds, fruits, vegetables, beans, pease, buckwheat, cornmeal, wool, are all heavily taxed. Fertilizers, binder twine, ingredients used in spraying, tractors, grafting stock, salt, come in free. The most of his heavier machines, such as binders,

etc., pay an average of  $12\frac{1}{2}\%$ ; but these are capital, and ought to last with care at least ten years. In no case does he pay as high as the city dweller in the matter of special machinery. The vast bulk of the revenue raised under the tariff is contributed, not by the country, but by the town. Almost the whole of the income-tax was contributed by the urban population. Does our rural friend expect to have all that he raises heavily protected, and all that he uses free? Since he shares in the general prosperity created by the tariff ought not he to gladly contribute his fair share to the revenue? The value of the manufactured products in Ontario was three hundred millions in excess of the value produced on the farms. If our towns and cities were to be retarded and ruined would not all rural values drop out of sight? Does not a prosperous town mean prosperous farms in the vicinity?

The farmer is talking in these days of co-operation. He does not practise it save in buying. Purchase a pound of butter or a dozen of eggs direct and he demands the full retail price. But let that pass. What we would suggest is that he begin at home, and turn his farm into a co-operative society. If he should do this, and he ought if he is to be consistent, every member of his family would have a share in the work and the financial result. Each, even the children, would be spurred by ambition to do something, and production would be enormously increased. As it is, production is discouraged, because under the form of custom and usage the old power of the *pater potestas* lingers on. With the family partners the problem would be solved.

The farmer must get it into his head that he cannot stand aloof and apart. If he is indispensable to the town, the town is no less indispensable to him. We are all dependent on the products of civilization. Granted that the farmer feeds the world (this is only partly true), the world supplies the farmer with nearly everything he needs over and above the bare necessities of an animal existence. Where would he be if the city should take up a challenge aimed against its very life? Boots and shoes, clothing, every implement he uses on his farm, his automobile, his luxuries—everything, in short, that makes him a civilized being and not a clod—comes from the city. What could he do without transportation in these days? Those who talk about the farmers holding up the cities are madmen. Nothing can be gained by attempting to separate interests that are interwoven. The farmer and the citizen are natural partners, “useless each without the other.” A decayed countryside means stagnant cities. It is in the healthy partnership of town and country that we are to find prosperity and peace for both; and those men who would set one against the other for low political ends are the true enemies of the human race.

Nor do the fair-minded dwellers in the city object to the farmers going into politics. There is as much intelligence and honesty

in the country as in the city. To seek political preferment is an honorable ambition; and certainly a purely rural community *should be* represented by a farmer. But to form a farmer's party with a view to controlling the government in the interest of the rural community alone, is narrow, short-sighted, unpatriotic, and selfish. If carried to an extreme it means war to the knife between town and country. God forbid that there should ever be strife between these two classes intended by nature to work in harmony. But if it should come to a clash where would the farmer be? Owing to the isolated nature of his life he would not be able to concentrate his forces with the same celerity as the people in the cities and towns. These have the advantages of great newspapers, quick transportation, vast capital and facilities for getting together for common ends. In any contest involving their continued prosperity, i.e., their daily bread, they would win, and, once victorious, would see to it that the threat of particularism should never again raise its head. In Ontario, e.g., they would insist on a full representation for Toronto in the legislative chamber, and Toronto comprises one fifth of the total population of the province. They might also be tempted to levy a tax on farm values; at any rate, they would see that the country paid its fair share of necessary expenses. The farmers would be well advised to discourage those reckless misrepresentatives of one of the noblest callings on earth who boast that they have the rest of the community by the throat, and intend to keep their hold.

And sensible farmers would be well advised to insist on the immediate dissolution of the unnatural alliance at present subsisting between the labor-unions and the U.F.O. Nothing but evil can come of it. The farmer's true interest is with that class who hold to the sacred right of private property. When this alliance was entered upon the farmer was led into a trap. At the present moment he has an old man of the sea upon his back, and he will be lucky if he succeed in shaking him off before he is strangled. The labor-unions cannot help him at all. It is not in their power. The farmer must at times work long hours. It cannot be avoided. A uniform eight or six-hour day would destroy him; a minimum wage dictated by the walking delegate would land him in bankruptcy. A strike of transportation workers at a critical season would ruin his season's work, if engaged in the fruit business, and numbers increasingly are in this province. However you look at it he stands to lose. Every strike, by shoving up wages without corresponding production, in the end hits the farmer. Just now produce is high. But will it be always high? The future, of course, is in the hands of God; but it seems safe to forecast that when the multitudes of Europe, driven by the spur of hunger and convalescent from war-hysteria (from which we are all suffering), once start to produce, the price of everything the farmer produces will come down with

a rush. The argument that there will be a shortage, long-continued, because so many millions have been destroyed, may well prove fallacious. There are fewer mouths to feed by millions. The deplorable condition of the great manufacturing centres of Europe may yet drive millions to the land; and it is quite conceivable that, with cheap labor there may be an excess of food stuffs in lands that for the moment seem on the verge of starvation. When this occurs, and it will, or soon or late, good-bye to three-dollar wheat.

What, may we ask, is steadily drawing the young men from the farms? The lure of high wages! What is the one aim and object of labor at this instant? Increased production? There is no evidence of it. The one object sought is still higher wages. Why is it that with wages in the country as high as eighty dollars a month, with, in many cases, valuable perquisites thrown in, it is impossible to get trained help? Because even that sum is now looked upon as inadequate by unskilled labor. How is it possible for the farmer and the trades-unionist to work together, since their interests are diametrically opposed?

But if it be said that the farmers' movement represents a revolt against immoral politics and a determination to clean up the Augean stables once for all, we must still ask, How will the formation of a selfish political group bring about this desirable end? Ought not all good men, in country and city alike, to do precisely this desirable thing? Ought we not to work together as brothers? Has the farmer a monopoly of righteousness? Just when did he become transfigured?

If the farmer imagines that political vacillation, mean wire-pulling behind closed doors, unscrupulous jockeying for political advantage in debate, kow-towing to big financial interests, religious hypocrisy combined with wolfish ferocity in business, insane expenditures on the part of governments accompanied with cries of thrift to the people at large, shrieking of patriotism and pocketing of vast commissions on Victory Loans, are palatable to the average decent citizen in city or town, he is quite mistaken. So far as his movement is an expression of class-selfishness we, of the cities, loathe it and will fight it to the death; but, in so far as it represents a healthy moral reaction against "wickedness in high places," we are prepared to thank God for it.

Let the farmer get this into his head: The people of Canada will not stand for a leader whose garments smell of the incense offered up by the votaries of Pluto. Whoever is destined to guide the destinies of this young commonwealth in the future *must be free of corporation control*. It is a case of Caesar's wife being above suspicion. Banks, railways, manufacturers' associations, grain-growers' associations, U.F.O.'s and trades-unions must all alike keep their hands off the sacred ark of the covenant. Let the farmers send to parliament simple, honest gentlemen (Conservative or Liberal)

who shall represent the true interests of the entire country, and have done for ever with the mad dream that they can tie the rest of us to their chariot—let them do this and we shall get back to the old sanity and recapture the happiness and good fellowship we seem to have lost. And we shall do more; we shall give the final finish to religious hypocrisy, and, since God has trusted man with the awful responsibility of moral decision, we shall keep our hands off the most sacred thing in the universe—the soul—and seek not to do by mean and narrow legislative enactments what can only come through the free and unfettered use of the spiritual will.

### THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN AND THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE

THE Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden has returned to Ottawa after an absence of four months. We rejoice to know that he is restored to health, and has been received with open arms by his colleagues, and that there is now an end of doubt and indecision as to the immediate future of government. In his absence the House has been well—indeed, brilliantly—led by Sir George Foster. Sir. Robert Borden has need for gratitude, for certainly no prime minister was ever so solicitously, we might even say tenderly, considered by his *confreres* in similar circumstances. Save for the premature “boom” engaged in by outside interests for a former minister, which has fallen flat, there has been nothing but complete and noble loyalty to the incapacitated head of the party in power. It is a tribute to the Prime Minister, and honoring to those left in control that things have gone so excellently well. It is also a tribute to the stability of the Canadian people and of Canadian institutions.

During days of doubt it was natural enough that the eyes of the people should be turned to the horizon in the search for a possible successor. This was inevitable under all the circumstances of the case. There is an instinct of the herd which man shares. Power, in the final analysis, is of one. Ultimate power of decision cannot be shared. There must be a final choice, and someone must take the last responsibility. The country will breathe freer now that all doubts are laid and the chief sits once more at the head of the table.

But the Prime Minister comes back to a new world. The crystallization of parties is complete. The whole world has been going through one of those vast languors which always supervene on hysteria, and which are in themselves refreshing. Canada at present is divided into at least six political *blocs*. We have the Farmer movement, the Labor party, Quebec, the Laurier Liberals, the old Conservatives and the Unionists. Outside of the Union Government there is bitterness, rancor and the desire for revenge.

How can these differences be reconciled? In the event of reconciliation being found impossible, how can they be rendered futile and harmless? We answer, by a bold, courageous and honest lead! If "old things have *not* passed away," then the Union Government is doomed. Nothing can save us but a fresh deal. We are waiting to go forward under a leader, but a leader we must have. Simply to mark time and "do the diplomatic" will not do. That day has gone and gone for ever. We do not expect miracles; we do expect firmness, courage, honesty and power. There must be no timid compromises. The hour has come for a revealing. We have been sailing by dead-reckoning; we must now steer our course by the steadfast stars.

The people of Canada have long been under the suspicion that powerful financial interests have interfered unduly with the affairs of the nation; that the game of patronage has been played entirely in the interests of the party that happened to be in power for the moment; that politicians have allowed themselves to be intimidated and the true interests of the country neglected by weak concessions to special groups clamorous for spoil and the fats of privilege.

They are beginning to view with alarm the attempted merger of all the iron industries of the country under one head, and demand a searching inquest into the personnel of the promoters; and especially of the status of a certain Mr. Grant Morden, of whom they know nothing, and who has been living outside of his country for a long term of years. Who is this person, and what is his financial record and standing? He is reputed to be an intimate of Lord Beaverbrook. Is *that* a commendation? Is there not a law against trade combines? Why is it not enforced?

Furthermore, they wish to know exactly and without equivocation if there is the slightest ground of suspicion that Mackenzie and Mann are at their old tricks of lobbying for special privileges. They still have great interests, and their past record does not beget any deep trust in their altruism. The people of Canada are determined to have no more to do with a group of men who, in pursuit of purely selfish ends, have left the country face to face with an appalling liability. The member for Pontiac has made serious charges which are at present *sub judice*. These charges indirectly involve the personal honor of the present Minister of Railways. There must be a full, clear and explicit denial satisfactory not to the party in power but to the people of the whole Dominion. They desire to see in charge of the national railways genuine experts; and would be very glad indeed if everyone whose intimacy with Mackenzie and Mann has been close and personal in the past were otherwise provided for.

It is not a light job to which the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden has come back. Tariff revision, for example, is a thorny

path. We must have an immense revenue. How are we going to get it? The farmer baulks at an income-tax. His evasions are contemptible, as they are illegal. Does the government propose to raise these hundreds of millions entirely out of the urban population? Should not the farmer pay every cent of income-tax legally due; and should not he be proceeded against if he refuse to do so? Why, for four years has he been allowed to degrade himself morally and cheat the government? Are both parties afraid of him? Is there to be one law for the farmer and another for the townsman? If so, all government is at an end.

### REVISION OF THE TARIFF

IT is understood at this writing that the tariff is to be revised, and so drastically that all ground of complaint on the part of the farmer will be cut away. What Crerar, Drury and the rest would do were they in power is to be done by the Union Government, and "Colin will come back again." Will he? We venture to prophesy that if the coming budget imperil the business interests of the country, the Union Government will not last six months. We trust that any changes contemplated will be moderate and sensible, and not devised as a cheap piece of political strategy to catch the farmer vote. A radical revision of the tariff at this time would work incalculable loss and suffering. The farmer is not badly hit by the tariff, as we have shown; and any sign of the "white feather" at the present posture of affairs will only whet his appetite for more. The present rural demagogues (who represent only a tithe of the farmers) are after something more than tariff revision—they are after complete political domination. They must be fought and routed. They represent the most contemptible thing in modern life—group-selfishness seeking group-domination with a view to group-legislation. The same vile tendency is visible in the extreme ranks of labor.

We solemnly warn the members of the Union Government that the great bulk of the people of Canada, guided by a wise instinct, are in no mood to try drastic tariff revision at this time. The risk is too appallingly great. Nor are they in any mood to stand any nonsense about changing the status of Canada as an integral and component part of the British Empire. The Union Government was not elected to indulge in grave and questionable experiments, but to tide us over a great crisis and help the country to get on its feet. At this moment, all men not blinded by party passion or swayed by greedy appetites are conservative in the old, natural meaning of the word. If it should come to a test of strength on the tariff; if it should be a question of violently changing the national status, as sure as day follows night, not only would the old Conservative party revive like magic, but Quebec, under Sir

Lomer Gouin, would also see where her true interests lie, namely, in manufacturing; and, in addition, those loyal Liberals who broke their swords in Laurier's face would join in, and we should have the prospect of prosperity and peace. The tariff is our strong wall of defence against the richest, the most powerful, the most ruthless commercial nation in the world. It is not sacred, and where it is unjust it should be changed. But it should not be changed at the bidding of a group whose one insane desire seems to be to spend money like water and charge the bills to the "other fellow."

We hope and pray we are in for a fresh deal; but if this iron-merger is to be the first fruits of repentance, then God help us. Great and all as the achievements of the Union Government have been—and in many respects its record is brilliant—it must not be forgotten that we are a bold, forward-looking people, and that without vision on the part of those in power we can but stumble where we ought to "mount up with wings as eagles." It is useless to preach thrift to the people and practise extravagance. It is useless to dam up deficits by contracting fresh loans—as Dr. Reid foolishly proposes to do in the case of the National Railways. It is above all else useless to imagine that political intrigue and chicanery can take the place of simple honesty, or that catch-cries and platitudes are substitutes for plain statements of fact.

Burke's majestic words are still true and worth repeating and remembering: "Politics, so far as I understand them, are only an enlarged morality." "The ideal of the State," wrote ex-President Poincaré, "is an honest man." Horace, nearly two thousand years ago, uttered the true philosophy of economics in the words, "I shall enlarge more judiciously my straitened income by contracting my desires, than if I were to join the realm of Alyattes to the Mygdonian plains."

"Contracto melius parva cupidine vectigalia porrigam,  
Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei campis continuem."

In so far as these new movements represent class-selfishness they will "die the death of the dog without the gate"; but in so far as they represent the reaction of an aroused conscience they will not down. There must be a new ideal in public affairs, and the country looks to the Union Government to give it. If it continue in the old way, "Its bishopric shall another take."

### THE *GLOBE'S* ATTACK ON UNION GOVERNMENT

THE attitude of the *Globe* for the past year towards the Union Government has been one of the "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike" order. It came out some months ago with a stern denunciation of the Hon. Mackenzie King after his insulting Newmarket speech. The time was not ripe for perfidy. The

surge of patriotism had not subsided then. Decency demanded delay. It was waiting its chance. Unable to find anything wrong with the main policies of reconstruction, it "damned with faint praise"—commending in editorial; sneering in paragraph.

During the campaign in favor of conscription it pursued a cautious policy. After the full effect of the tornado was seen it shouted with the loudest. But there were hours of doubt and gloom in the interval, not lightened by the steady stream of withdrawn subscriptions.

Now it sees, or thinks it sees, a chance to wholly consign the loyal men of both parties, who put their country first and their party last, to Gehenna, and, true to its mean heredity, it comes out in its natural colors. It demands the immediate resignation of the Union Government, and accompanies its ultimatum with a series of low, designed insults. It presumes to speak for the whole Dominion, and, in a series of shrieking paragraphs, calls upon the people to immediately assemble in mass-meetings and demand that the government confess its impotency and at once efface itself. It, in effect, would inaugurate government by mob for the steady and efficient (highly efficient) administration which, thanks to the strong, imperturbable men at the helm, we are now enjoying.

We are very much mistaken if the people of Canada will do anything of the sort. The people of Canada are not to be stampeded at the bidding of an organ which, in its desperate desire to recover ground deservedly lost, will stop at no device, however unscrupulous or unfair. In the days of George Brown the *Globe* was a personal organ of a highly virulent character. It was for Free-trade, Gladstonian political ethics and The Open Bible. With the death of its founder its policy was, in the main, continued by his brother, Gordon, though feebly. With his passing, and the emergence of the attractive, not to say fascinating, Laurier, a change came over the spirit of its dream. The National Policy had proved a success. The word went forth, "Put the soft pedal on the tariff!" For sixteen years the mock-heroics of so-called Liberalism were successfully staged by a consummate and adroit rhetorician. The *Globe* ate out of his hand; so did the farmers; so did pretty nearly everybody; for the country was almost disgustingly prosperous. It was all easy sailing, and the narcotic of prosperity affected the *Globe*, as it did everyone else. Shrieks were not then the order of the day. Now they are. Hence the shrieks.

But is it not high time that the proprietors of these party papers—which have become mere purveyors of news—should come to realize that the day when people could be herded like sheep has gone for ever? The modern newspaper is largely a habit, almost a disease. Its influence is politically negligible. It is a purely financial affair, with vast capital investments; and it is run like any other business—strictly for dividends. The sinister influence is, of

course, the tremendous influence exerted by colossal advertisers, whose annual bills run into the hundreds of thousands.

The *Globe* speaks of ill-gotten war gains—in general terms, of course—and demands confiscation or something very much like it. Will it kindly give specific instances? No one should make a general charge without some data, definite and undeniable. It might make enquiries among its subscribers.

But to proceed! Now that the war is over almost two years, it is suddenly discovered that the country *was* robbed and the government *was* negligent in collecting its fair toll! Why this belated morality? Surely the time to have agitated confiscation of war-profits was when war-profits were easily got at. Why was the *Globe* silent *then*? The true reason why the *Globe* harps on this string is that it is under the impression that “any stick is good enough to beat a dog with.” That hypocrisy of which it is, and always has been, a conspicuous exponent, must, it would seem, come out. No one in the whole Dominion of Canada has made such vast profits during the war as our great departmental stores. A series of articles in the *Globe* from *this* angle would be full of edification, and possibly, if accompanied with data, helpful to Sir Henry Drayton in balancing his accounts. Certainly he needs help and not blaspheming, for he has the hardest job that Finance Minister ever tackled. His Budget may not be an ideal one; but it is an honest attempt to raise out of the whole people the cash which must be had. It is mere demagogism to attempt to make political capital out of a grim necessity.

The full infamy of this screed comes out in the sentence, “Three of their number, Hon. Arthur Meighen, Sir James Loughheed, and Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, have reiterated their intimation that it was their intention to cling to power in defiance of the attitude of the Canadian citizenship as expressed at the by-election polls.” Timiskaming, for example?

Now, there is not one of these gentlemen who is not serving his country at a heavy financial loss. Two of them are from the North-West, and, as are all the North-West members, compelled to stay East at a heavy expense between adjournments. The N.-W. and B.C. members are particularly hard hit financially. The Hon. Arthur Meighen is an exceedingly able lawyer, and it is safe to say, could earn three times his present inadequate salary in private practice. To represent these gentlemen as holding on to office for the emoluments is vile. Only a despicable soul could have penned such words. It is costing Sir James Loughheed and the Hon. Arthur Meighen at least ten thousand dollars a year to serve their country. The sessional indemnity should at once be raised as an act of justice.

There probably never was a more infamous falsehood penned than is contained in these words, “Men and women know what the

Government, by its lethargy in administration and by its Budget taxation, have done towards the higher cost of living." The cool audacity of "men and women know"! Do they? The *Globe* may be edited by an ignoramus, but the public is not an ass. The average rational person in Canada knows that the high cost of living is world-wide; that it is caused by high wages, labor shortage, curtailment of production and scarcity of commodities. He knows that the Budget and routine administration have nothing whatever to do with it. The statement, in short, is false. Not until production catches up to consumption, as the Hon. Mr. Fielding pointed out, can we hope for the slightest relief from high prices.

The *Globe* has no word of commendation for the Union Government. Well, *The Onlooker* has. He dares to say that in the matter of constructive legislation it throws all other governments that we have ever had into the shade. Its accomplishment has been amazing and history will confirm the claims made for it.

Sir Henry Drayton has taken off the 7½% war-tax; has continued the excess profits tax; has raised and universalized the income tax, so as to take in all who are in the fortunate class; has promised a safe, just revision of the tariff. Any word of all this in the *Globe's* editorial? Not an indication? Why? Because the *Globe* thinks that the people of Canada are prepared to accept Hon. Mackenzie King at last. It fatuously assumes that we have forgotten all about the war—its splendor and its sacrifice. It thinks the time is opportune to round up the Nationalists, the U.F.O., the Grain Growers, the labor-unions, the Laurier Liberals, the loyal Liberals, under one banner and make a triumphant entry into Ottawa. It is mistaken. The people of Canada have their eyes on all these groups, and have no intention of exchanging settled order and wise administration for a rabble of wild theorists. They know that Free-trade, or an approach to Free-trade, would bring utter ruin; and here again Mr. Fielding backs them up. They know that their very life is bound up in a maintenance of the tariff. It is they who are keeping the Union Government in power; and it is they who intend to keep it at Ottawa till its work is done.

We would ask all fair-minded Canadians to contrast the wild partisan nonsense and calculated mendacity of the *Globe* in this editorial with these fair-minded and sympathetic words of the Right Hon. W. S. Fielding in his reply to Sir Henry Drayton. "I wonder if the public really understand the financial position of Canada to-day? The Minister of Finance has very fairly put it before the public, and I am anxious only to help him in the matter. I do not speak of this matter in any complaining spirit, or in any party spirit, but I am anxious that they should actually understand the tremendous burden that they are taking upon themselves, and the share of the burden they must carry in order that the finances

of Canada may be sound and that the credit of Canada may be upheld."

Noble words, indeed, and worthy of a patriot! But what a contrast to the editorial entitled, "The Demand for an Election" in the *Globe* for May 24th.

### EXPLANATION

THE late Henry Ward Beecher was in the habit of saying that he believed in Calvinism as John Calvin would have believed it had he been alive in the 19th century. A Toronto paper, in a somewhat peeved editorial, complained that the name of the editor of *The Onlooker* did not appear, and that Goldwin Smith's point of view was not apparent. Possibly not. He is now where the departed great of earth foregather, and high up in the ranks "of the shining ones." He expressed his point of view through *The By-stander* without fear, favor or the expectation of reward, political or financial. His name never appeared on his publications, but there was no secret about it.

It ill becomes a gentleman who himself shoots his arrows behind the camouflage of the editorial "we" to find fault with anonymity. It is a man's plain right to use a *nom de plume*, and, we may add, a fashion long sanctioned in English letters. However, against his personal inclination, the name of the editor now appears on the front page. *The Onlooker* will make its appeal to a limited class. It is appealing to them and has already found many warm friends. For those who do not care for a calm, fearless discussion of public affairs a thoughtful provision has been made in the pages of the organ in question.

### TO THE PUBLIC

THIS number of *The Onlooker* is dated June instead of May. It is, however, No. 2 in sequence. As a matter of fact, the first number, though marked April, should have been marked May.

The change has been made purely in the interests of the book-sellers. Subscribers will receive the full complement of twelve issues for the year.

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